He realized that this was what his siblings had been fighting over all these years. Meanwhile he was having his difficulties (of a different sort) with his Thesis Advisor, Dildo Wingnut. Dildo was older than Hindenburg, and lazier. While he'd taught at the University for 25 years, he was his first doctoral candidate. He was also his last.

Subsequently he found himself teaching in exile, at Lethe Bridge U. This was very hard on him, very isolating - especially when Dildo or one of his creatures wrote the Chair of his new department that he was homosexual, anti-psychiatric, and fascist. He urged him to fire him, before he contaminated the whole department with his NATIONAL SOCIALIST ideals. It wouldn't have been hard to do but it was unnecessary....

He went through a very messy "grievance process" with the University, when his application for tenure was overlooked for a candidate with no experience or publication credits and a great body. His Chair sent him an article about Walter Benjamin's suicide. Cheers, he wrote.

He STILL didn't smoke or drink, OR have sex with his students. He hinted that he'd lost an OLD COMRADE in 1995 conflicted about being gay AND an Anglican priest. He couldn't see why, but the comrade underwent conversion therapy from C. Lamprini Eel, the most notorious mountebank at Thing Street Asylum. Of course, it didn't work, but Herr Doctor Eel acquired all sorts of damaging information for the Archives of his Mental Museum.

The final stab-in-the-back to his academic campaign was the treason of Bishop's University in Lummoxville (outside Montreal). They hired him (albeit cheaply, on a short-term contract) and then reneged, ostensibly because he'd asked for an advance (to get him there - he was on Welfare) - but he knew it was something else. They knew he was working on a book called SWORDS IN MYRTLE DRESS'D: TOWARD A RHETORIC OF SODOM. Bishops University was a tiny, conservative, Anglican College. They figured he was writing a manual about HOW TO FUCK A BOY. They already knew.

He continued to live in crummy pensions in the Capital, always on Welfare and occasionally finding cash-only work. In 1997-98 he volunteered in the Archives of the old THING STREET ASYLUM. This helped him gather material for TROPING THE ASYLUM, but this stint ended badly after an anti-merger protest he was involved in fell apart - betrayed (he didn't think that was too strong a word for it) by that quisling psych-survivor, MAX THE BUTCHER.

His volunteering at Thing Street was crucial to the development of his theories of MAD NATION. He was very moved by the experience - despite the negative things that happened, the bad politics and the refusal of Eel and Praetorius to acknowledge his art - especially the play they staged to commemorate their ANSCHLUSS with Lotteries and Casinos (albeit a wake).

Reduced to working in group homes (including the wonderfully misnamed "REGERATION HOUSE" here in swell Parkdale) reaming toilets and distributing antipsychotic medications for people with "mental hellness" - mainly schizophrenia, he never forgot he was an artist.

After his mentor (apparently) shot himself with his father-in-law's Lugar, he found work in Emergency Shelters run by the Hearse Organization, where the fights, suicides, threats, homelessness, distress and death aggravated the symptoms of his nervous disorder: nausea, panic attacks, acute anxiety, suicidal ideation, etc. They were his Iron Cross, the basis of his subsequent success as a schizoid neurasthenic in need of $CAMH ANGER MANAGEMENT.